

Our Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office, 916 E. Main Street.

TELEPHONES.
 Business Office, 840
 Editorial Department, 830
 Circulation Department, 830

Washington Bureau, 501 14th St., N. W.
 New York Bureau, 1102 Hull St.
 Petersburg Bureau, 44 N. B. ycamore St.

BY MAIL, One Six Three One
 POSTAGE PAID, Year, Mos. Mos. Mo.

Daily, with Sun., \$5.00 \$3.00 \$1.50 .55
 Daily, without Sun., 4.00 2.00 1.00 .35
 Sun. edition only, 2.00 1.00 .50 .25
 Weekly (Wed.), 1.00 .60 .25 .10

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery
 Service In—

Richmond (Sub-
 urbs), Manchester
 & Petersburg, ONE
 WEEK, Payable
 In Advance

Daily, with Sunday, 14 cents.
 Daily, without Sun., 10 cents.
 Sunday Only, 5 cents.

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond,
 Va., as second-class matter, under act
 of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1905.

Have you known how to meditate
 and manage your life? You have per-
 formed the greatest work of all. Have
 you known how to regulate your con-
 duct?—you have done a great deal
 more than he who composes books.
 The great and glorious masterpiece of
 man is to know how to live to pur-
 pose; all other things, to reign, to lay
 up, are at most but little appendices
 and props.—Montaigne.

The President's Tour.

The tour of President Roosevelt through
 the South was the most notable, and we
 may say the most successful, tour made
 in this generation by any public man.
 It was an ovation from the time he left
 Washington until he left New Orleans,
 and there was no accident except that
 on the government vessel which took him
 down the river after the tour was ended.
 Nor were there any unwelcome incidents,
 any speeches of circumstances that
 were disagreeable to either the President
 or to the people who received him. It
 was a complete success from start to
 finish.

Doubtless many of our Northern friends
 are saying within themselves that the
 Southern people are fickle; that they are
 a people who denounce a man one year
 and the next year take him to their
 hearts. The simple fact is that the
 Southern people have not understood
 President Roosevelt until recently. They
 thought that he was disposed to treat
 them with contempt, to disregard their
 traditions, and to defy their instincts.
 It was not merely his act of inviting a
 negro to dinner and his further acts of
 appointing negroes to office, per se, that
 offended the Southern people; it was
 what they believed to be the animus of
 his acts.

President McKinley had appointed negroes
 to office, and the South did not
 take serious offense, however disagreeable
 it might have been, but we all thought
 that Mr. Roosevelt, as President of the
 United States, meant by his various acts
 to notify the Southern people and the
 world at large that he proposed, so far
 as he could, to obliterate the color line,
 socially as well as politically. That was
 the reason the Southern people were so
 bitter at one time against President
 Roosevelt.

We are not afraid of the race ques-
 tion. We have shown our ability to deal
 with it, and we are not afraid of the
 Federal government will allow us to do
 so in our own way. We are not afraid
 of the negro, either socially or politically.
 We know how to get along with the
 negro race, and we are getting along
 admirably. But if there were a Presi-
 dent of the United States who had con-
 tempt for our views of the subject and
 for our way of dealing with the race
 question, and who should undertake to
 meddle, there would be no end of com-
 plications and trouble. There is but
 one sensible and efficacious way of deal-
 ing with that question, and that is com-
 plete separation. That plan is no ex-
 periment, but the conclusion of long years
 of study and experience on the part of
 the South's leading men and women.
 That plan is in the interest of the black
 race as well as the white race, and is
 necessarily the best for good order, good
 government and the safety, welfare and
 happiness of the blacks as well as the
 whites.

But we discovered some time ago that
 we had misunderstood President Roose-
 velt, and his visit to the South has con-
 firmed it. He has shown us that the
 Southern blood in his veins is still red
 and that his Southern instincts are still
 dominant. He has shown us that he not
 only has profound respect for our view
 of this question, but that he is in sym-
 pathy with us, and he even went so far
 as to say in one of his speeches that
 these questions were questions for the
 South to settle for itself. We have found
 Mr. Roosevelt to be sensible, brave,
 chivalrous, friendly and sympathetic, and
 such a man will always command our
 respect, no matter what an impassable
 gulf may separate us politically. There
 is no fickleness about it. Our attitude
 towards the President has changed be-
 cause we have found him to be of us by
 heredity and with us by instinct, instead
 of against us. And that is the whole
 story.

False Teaching.

The Chicago Tribune prints each week
 a number of letters from correspond-
 ents, telling in brief, "How I lost my
 job." A prize of \$500 is offered for the
 best letter, and this may have some
 bearing on the character of the contribu-
 tions, as correspondents may be striv-
 ing for the prize rather than to give
 an accurate record. However, the re-
 sults are as follows:

are entertaining, if not instructive, and
 after studying two thousand of these let-
 ters of confession, the Tribune draws
 this conclusion: "If you want to suc-
 ceed, get fired." It says that in most
 cases under review the loss of a job was
 the inspiration for new endeavors; that
 almost all correspondents confess that
 "getting fired" was the real starting-
 point towards success, for the reason
 that when thrown out of work they "hustled
 around and found better places."

This statement is misleading and mis-
 chievous. It often occurs, to be sure,
 that when a man "loses his job" through
 negligence, laziness, dissipation of what
 not, he "comes to himself," and reforms
 his way and that, when he gets another
 "job," he profits by the lesson of ex-
 perience. But in nine out of ten such
 cases, if the man had conducted himself
 equally well in the first place, he would
 either have gained promotion or a bet-
 ter "job" would have been offered him
 by some other concern. To say, "If you
 want to succeed, get fired," is to say,
 "If you want to succeed, neglect your
 work." It is false teaching and bad
 morals. The true doctrine is, if you want
 to succeed, do the very best that you
 can in whatever occupation you may be
 engaged, and do it conscientiously, with-
 out regard to the pay that you receive.
 If you have a good character, let your
 work be the expression of your character,
 and it will be as a candle set upon a
 candlestick, and men will see your good
 work and recognize it, and the reward
 will be sure. The world, and especially
 the business world, is very apt to put a
 proper estimate and value upon every
 man who serves. If you render a faith-
 ful service the world will surely find it
 out, and your services will be paid for
 according to their market value, as surely
 as the price of all commodities is thus
 regulated.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole
 matter: If a man has been negligent,
 and has lost his "job" because of his
 negligence, it is good sense and good
 morals for him to "hustle around" and
 find another "job." If possible, a better
 "job"—and, profiting by his experience,
 do better in the last situation than in
 the first. But it is more sensible and
 better morals to do his best in the first
 place.

The Unrhymable Sixty.

When Andrew Lang, after painstaking
 research, announced that there were
 sixty words in the English language to
 which no rhymes existed he issued,
 whether he meant to or not, a deadly
 "def" to the newspaper poets of America.
 That was a dare which no self-respect-
 ing song-bird of journalism should be
 expected to take. All over the land we
 can picture them, upon hearing the
 news, as sharpening their pencils rather
 defiantly, grimly resolved to show it to
 Andrew by exposing the hopeless nar-
 rowness of his rhyming range. It
 would not surprise us at all if here and
 there one more agile and more ambitious
 than the rest, did not undertake
 to rhyme the entire sixty into a single bal-
 lad. No doubt it could be done to the
 satisfaction of all but the excessively
 hypercritical, despite so high an authori-
 ty to the contrary. Mr. Lang's sixty
 rhymable ones are given in his
 "Rhymes of the Lexicon," and we have to
 thank an industrious writer on the
 Kansas City Journal for looking them
 out for us. Here they are.

Altho, alb, amongst, avenge, blige,
 burn, breadth, brusque, bulch, conch,
 curn, cusp, depth, doth, eighth, fifth,
 flim, forge, forth, fugue, golf, hemp,
 lounge, mauve, month, morgue, mourned,
 ninth, oblige, oblige, pear, pen,
 peach, pork, prestige, puss, re-
 count, saucer, scare, scarf, sixth, spelt,
 swain, sylph, tenth, torak, twelfth, un-
 planned, wail, warmth, wasp, wharves,
 width, with, wolf, wolves.

This is the assortment of puzzles which
 has put our more ephemeral songsters
 on their mettle. But some of them, sur-
 ely, are in the reach of us mere plodders,
 at whose birth the muse was conspicu-
 ously absent. As for the second of them,
 "Alb," the little monosyllable happens
 not to be in our everyday vocabulary,
 and we don't care whether there is a
 rhyme to it or not. "Amongst," however,
 falls an easy victim to the past pretense
 of the verb "to sing," second per-
 sonal singular. Thus, in the poet's beau-
 tiful and familiar couplet:

Hushed was the mighty crowd amongst
 The which thou sadly stood'st and sungst.

In like manner, "avenge," per se, may
 have no other rhyme than the unfair
 one "vengeance," but "vengeance" makes
 an admirable balance to the first of
 those distinguished lute warriors,
 Messrs. Hengist and Horsa. We skip
 over, for our own good reasons, and
 hand upon "doth," which unless you
 insist on pronouncing it "duth," pairs nicely
 with "tenth." "Film" is more difficult,
 but "filmy" is good newspaper rhyme
 for "kill me," "fill me," and the like.
 A hater would give "of, court," as emi-
 nently suitable for "forth," but we ad-
 mit that this would be in the nature of
 a quibble. As for "hemp," the chairman
 of the Republican State Committee fur-
 nishes all the rhyme that we personally
 need.

"Lounge," "mauve" and "month" we
 freely hand over to poetsasters of the
 number nut. "Mouth" and "south," how-
 ever, suit us splendidly, as do "morgue"
 and "dawn." As to this latter brace, we
 only recall the famous couplet of the
 bard, which no doubt every Richmond
 school girl already knows by heart:
 He who liveth over sinful, in his sin
 therethy entwined.

All his after generations from the next
 one to the ninth.

Then there is "oblige," which could ask
 no worthier note than that sterling
 American cognomen, "Tate," handy for
 Ellah. So many rhymes come to one's
 mind for "bear" that we imagine its
 inclusion must have been accidental. As
 for "pint," we are entirely satisfied with
 "whyn't," as in the phrase, "Whyn't
 you go?" We regard it as a hopeless error,
 as may have been already evident, to
 feebly exacting in matters of rhyme
 "Recumb" has its "plumb," "hance" has
 its "moss," and "scare" has its dozens
 of "Nepenthe." If you are willing to
 pronounce it leniently, it is all right for

"tenth." "Unplugged" and "one-legged"
 suit us perfectly. "Voll" jingles nicely
 with the familiar wrestling term "holt."
 As in "Ketch a fair foil, will you?"
 "Dwarves" does not rhyme with
 "wharves," but "dwarves" does, and
 every intelligent reader knows that there
 is such a thing as poetic license. As for
 "with," we hand out "pith" with-
 out a moment's hesitation; but we think
 we shall leave Mr. Lang's "wolves" to
 fight it out among themselves.

It is now evident, we trust, that in
 declaring that sixty words were eternally
 beyond the reach of the English speaking
 rhymsters, Mr. Lang spoke somewhat
 hastily. An Englishman himself, he has
 underrated American ingenuity. So far
 from there being sixty rhymeless words
 in our tongue, it is plain that there are
 not half that many. Indeed if our en-
 terprising newspaper poets once turn
 loose upon his list, it is highly probable
 that they will demolish it altogether.
 The resulting rhymes may not always be
 either euphonious or classic, but at least
 they will be all there, and they will
 jingle with the best of them.

The Lawyer and His Client.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
 Sir,—I don't think it is fair to Judge
 Lewis to charge him with favoring mis-
 cegregation because he was counsel for
 a negro in a miscegenation case. The
 lawyers must represent his client, and
 secure him his rights under the law, whether
 he is white or black. Along about
 1877 or 1888 I defended a negro in the
 Henrico county court charged with mar-
 rying a white woman, and he was con-
 victed. I took his case to the Supreme
 Court of the United States, and in an effort
 to have the Virginia law declared uncon-
 stitutional. It had as well be charged
 that I am in favor of miscegenation.
 Judge Quarles, of Augusta, defended
 a negro man upon the same charge.
 See the classes, Kinney's case, 30 Grant,
 558.

Let us treat all men fairly.

WM. E. ROYALL.

October 28th.

It was never charged that Judge Lewis
 favored miscegenation. That fact was re-
 iterated and emphasized in our review of
 the case yesterday, and we said more-
 over that no man who knew Judge Lewis
 believed that he never favored or that
 he ever favored mixed marriages. The
 only charge that the Democratic organi-
 zation has brought against him is that
 in order to please his negro audience at
 Chesterfield Courthouse in 1877 or 1878 he
 said in reply to question from General
 Hundley that he was opposed to the
 pending bill to prohibit mixed marriages,
 and in favor of allowing whites and
 blacks to intermarry if they so desired.
 That is the charge which Judge Hun-
 dley makes, and it is the charge which
 Congressman Jones made in his Fred-
 ericksburg speech, and it is the only
 charge that the party authorities have
 made.

As for the case, that was simply given
 as an interesting incident. Of course,
 The Times-Dispatch has never criticized
 or condemned any lawyer for defending
 a client no matter what the crime might
 be. The moral bravery of the bar has
 always been justly admired and highly
 prized in Virginia—and none knows bet-
 ter or has done more to cause that very
 reputation than our distinguished corre-
 spondent.

Falsifying the News.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
 Sir,—In this morning's paper in your
 editorial column under the caption of
 "Falsifying the News" is the following:
 "We repeat the saying in yesterday's
 paper that in our view, the greatest sin
 which a newspaper can commit is to falsify
 the news for the price of it. It is
 even worse than selling its editorial
 opinion."

It is generally understood that the pub-
 lic press without exception insert under
 news items paid advertisements.
 We know the citizens of Richmond
 would appreciate to know that The Times-
 Dispatch is an exception to this practice.
 It is not a fact that all the papers of
 this city. The Times-Dispatch included,
 did publish during the late primary,
 articles commendatory of the different
 candidates as news and charged for it as
 advertising rates, without in any way
 indicating that these articles were paid
 for.

Richmond, Va., October 27th.

It is the rule of The Times-Dispatch
 to indicate that all paid "reading notices"
 are advertisements. During the campaign
 we gave public notice that communica-
 tions advocating the claims of any can-
 didate would be inserted only as adver-
 tising matter, and paid for at the usual
 rate. They were inserted as contributed
 matter, and marked "communicated." But
 whether they had been so marked or
 not the nature of the matter spoke
 for itself, for getting is news that bears
 the marks of advertising now. As to the
 celebrated telegram sent out in Mr. Mc-
 Curdy's interest, The Times-Dispatch was
 offered exactly the same matter that was
 accepted by so many other papers, on
 the same terms, and refused to publish
 it, because that advertisement demanded
 that it be inserted as "pure news" and
 because it was not true. That is all.

It is hardly a thing over which any
 one would grow boastful, explanatory or
 proud. To us it seems that every one
 else would unhesitatingly have followed
 the same course. Our correspondent,
 however, has asked a question and we
 give him these facts for his enlighten-
 ment and our answer.

The Lost Cause That Lives.

In spite of the inclement weather and
 adverse circumstances, the late Confed-
 erate Reunion in Petersburg was a glo-
 rious success, and Petersburg may take
 pardonable pride in the part which she
 played in the general jubilation. Peters-
 burg hospitality has a flavor peculiar to
 itself, and it was never more generously
 and graciously bestowed than on this
 occasion. It is probable that more
 Confederates attended this
 Reunion than any which the Grand
 Camp has held, and it is certain that

WHAT'S THE USE Experimenting

With unknown medicines when you can
 just as easily get Hostetter's? It has a
 25 year record of cures back of it and is
 being taken by most everybody whose
 stomach is weak or bowels constipated.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

there was never more of good fellowship,
 enthusiasm and Confederate zeal.
 Here is a strange thing, nay, is it not
 unprecedented, that forty years after the
 close of the war, forty years after the
 surrender of our forces, the Confederate
 organization should be larger in num-
 bers and more ardent in spirit than ever
 before?

Glory to God, it shows that the "Lost
 Cause" is still triumphant, and it proves
 that the "Lost Cause" was righteous and
 just. Had it been otherwise the very
 name had long since been buried in
 oblivion instead of being emblazoned in
 living letters upon our banners. No
 course which went down in defeat could
 have lived to have its greatest victory
 forty years thereafter had it been touched
 with dishonor or treason, had it not
 been the righteous course of a righteous
 people.

Death of Captain Vawter.

We are greatly distressed to hear of the
 death of Captain C. E. Vawter, superin-
 tendent of the Miller Manual School. He
 was a distinguished and useful citizen,
 and he was a mainly Christian of the
 noblest type. He served his State gallan-
 tly in war, but no less heroically and
 patriotically in peace.

For many years he devoted himself
 to the cause of education and was an in-
 spiration to the cause. He labored most
 of all for the disadvantaged classes, for
 the dull boy and for the uplift of the
 negro. He made the Miller Manual School
 one of the most useful institutions in the
 State, and he did invaluable work for
 the Normal School in Petersburg for the
 training of negroes.

It is an honorable record, and there is
 no stain upon it. Virginia is proud to
 have produced such a citizen, and his
 taking off is universally deplored.

"A Divine Command."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)
 "Preach the gospel to every creature."
 —St. Mark xvi: 15.

This is the "marching order" given
 by Jesus Christ to His followers. The
 whole text reads: "And He said unto
 them, Go ye into all the world and preach
 the gospel to every creature."

Can we make these words more un-
 universal? Can we add another province to
 the sphere? Can you add one island to
 that geography—just a little one? Can
 you? "Go ye into all the world"—it
 fully covers all space—"and preach the
 gospel to every creature." Is there one
 left out—a little one, a black one, a yel-
 low one? What omissions mark this
 census? Not one.

This is like our Lord Jesus Christ.
 He is always big in thought, in care,
 in love. Was He never mean, little
 sparse, critical? Did He always (as in
 these words) embrace the whole uni-
 verse? The whole character of Christ
 is shown in this provision for His crea-
 tures.

How many men did God make? Who
 made the rest? Where is there a man
 who called himself into existence, main-
 tains an independent individuality and
 relations to all things, coming and going
 as he pleases? Show me that man! As
 at the first, God's hand was upon all,
 even so through all the story God's love
 is upon all; Christ's dear cross over-
 shadows all; Christ's big heart welcomes
 all.

"Preach the gospel to every creature."
 Then every creature needs it. And this
 gospel and it alone can supply the need
 of weary humanity.

What is man? You have never seen
 him. You have seen a man and many
 men, but you have not seen Man. Only
 God can do that. Until we get hold of
 that simple thought, we shall make no
 progress in our Christian studies.

What is vegetation? You have never
 seen vegetation. You have seen your
 own little garden and the field beyond it.
 You have gone even further, and known
 a little about American vegetation and
 even perhaps something about English
 gardens. But this is nothing. Who has
 seen all the vine-lands, corn-lands, spice-
 lands, all the lanes watched by the so-
 diac, the stars and the angels?

Only God can see the globe at one
 glance, and only God can see and know
 what man is.

You have to be revealed to yourself.
 I must be told what I am. I think I
 know myself, sometimes, and yet my
 self I have never seen. I do not know
 which is myself. My name is legion,
 for there are many of us and all within
 is riot, war, bitterness, strife, prayer,
 blasphemy, angels and devil. What is
 this? Who is it? Father, mother, come
 and tell me all about myself, reveal me
 to myself!

Human nature is a matter of revela-
 tion. If there is a book which reveals
 God that book will also reveal man.
 Christians have accepted the Bible as
 God's revelation of Himself and hu-
 manity.

And what is the Bible account of man?
 "The heart is deceitful above all things,"
 God made man upright, but he hath
 sought out many inventions. All are
 like sheep, and have gone astray. We
 have turned every one to his own way,
 there is none that doeth good, no, not
 one.

The Bible, then, reveals man as lost.
 But hear, at the same time a sweet
 voice, saying, "The Son of Man is come
 to seek and to save that which was
 lost." Not some of it; not a little of
 it, not much of it; not most of it, but
 "that which was lost."

This is the good news, the glad tid-
 ings, the blessed hope which we call the
 "gospel." And this is to be preached
 to "every creature." No words can ex-
 press it all, but each word finds a spe-
 cial place in the heart, bringing with
 it untold peace and comfort.

Listen to words like these: "God so
 loved the world that He gave His only
 begotten Son, that whosoever believed
 on Him should not perish, but have ever-
 lasting life." And again: "Come unto
 me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,
 and I will give you rest." These are the
 words we crave and these are the
 words to be "preached to every crea-
 ture."

How do we stand in relation to them?
 We have either believed them, or we

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have not. We cannot take up a neu-
 tral position in regard to them. That
 is impossible and no man can so treat
 the sunlight. Nor can you maintain a
 negative position in relation to the Cross
 of Christ.

You do not act so in other matters.
 Then, why do you lay down your com-
 mon sense when you come to face the
 deepest and most solemn question of life?
 Believe on Christ yourself first; then go
 out into all the world and tell everybody
 what they may also come. For the Gospel
 is a gospel of love, and entreaty, and hope.
 It says to the very worst man, You may
 come. It says to the thief upon the cross
 (already half in hell), There is still time
 for saving prayer.

Plat, abroad, thou mighty Gospel! But
 Christ expects us and commands us to
 help—spread it so it may reach "every
 creature." We must use every means in
 our power to tell abroad, and to all, "the
 old, old story of Jesus and His love."

That love He has freely poured out
 for us. Shall we not share it with
 others and bring them within its radiant
 and uplifting power?

Columbia, S. C., is being fairly over-
 run with a great influx of visitors to the
 great State Fair held there during the
 past week. Railroads, street cars and
 hotels have been taxed to their utmost
 capacity, and, indeed, the city's facilities
 have at times proved almost inadequate.

"The State Fair," says the Columbia
 State, "has become a tremendous propo-
 sition. It is a great social gathering, as
 well as an agricultural and mechanical
 exposition." Some 25,000 people attended
 the Fair on Thursday, when special at-
 tractions were offered, this number being
 equal to more than the entire population
 of Columbia, as given in the census of
 1900.

The dream of eleven-cent cotton was
 realized in Mississippi two or three days
 ago by the sale of 315 bales of the State's
 crop at an average price of 11.34 cents.
 The sale was made by Gov. Vardaman
 at the Sunflower farm, near Jackson, and
 was the first that the State has so far
 made from its present crop. The trans-
 action netted \$3,600 to the public treas-
 ury. The State will have only about
 3,500 bales this season as contrasted with
 some 13,000 bales last year. The board
 in control of its disposition is resolved
 to support the movement for eleven-cent
 cotton to the limits of its ability.

Now Chancellor Andrews, better known
 simply as E. Benjamin, asks to have
 murderers vivisectioned rather than electro-
 cuted. Probably it's all immaterial to the
 murderers. After listening to one of E.
 Benjamin's oratorical disquisitions, the
 average murderer is doubtless more than
 willing to die.

The Indianapolis News says that an
 English naturalist has taken over 10,000
 photographs of birds amid their natu-
 ral surroundings. What of it? In this
 country more than that many pictures
 of birds amid their natural surroundings
 are taken every week by our enterprising
 theatrical photographers.

What with rowing, rioting and boni-
 throwing those Russian students seem
 to be getting fiercer and bloodier every
 day. The next thing we know, they'll